NOTES FROM LONDON.

MR. STEAD AGAIN-THE THEATRES. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

LONDO -, November 14.

Mr. Stead-and this I hope is my last reference to his case-has now been transferred from Coldbath Fields to Holloway Prison, and is enjoying the comparative comfort of seclusion in those northern latitudes. He no longer has to wear prison garments, or the patched boots of which his friends complained so bitterly, nor confine his diet to bread and "skilly." He has a decently furnished room, wears his own clothes, may order in his own meals. read books and newspapers, and see his friends. His circumstances are, in short, those of which Mr. Edmund Yates has lately given us a lively description based on personal experience.

It is the Home Secretary who has brought about this transformation in Mr. Stead's way of life, and the Home Secretary is none other than that Sir Richard Cross whom Lord Beaconsfield, though he invented him, could never remember to speak of by one of those Cabinet Ministers who on quitting office in 1880 presented themselves with the Grand Cross of the Bath, which made him Sir Richard. He and Mr. W. H. Smith the pair on whom Lord Randelph Churchill bestowed the name of the well-known drygoods firm, Marshall & Suelgrove, I cannot recollect that Lord Randolph ever explained which of the pair is Marshall and which Snelgrove, nor does it matter, nor do I see why it would not be just as good a joke to call the partners in this firm Messrs, Smith & Cross; supposing they deserved the ridicule. However, it is enough to say that Sir Richard Cross has long been the jest of the House of Commons, and that nobody has yet been able to gress why Lord Salisbury wanted him in his Cabinet. He has done many weak things as Home Secretary; none weaker than in yielding to the elamor of the Stead party for mitigation of the sentence upon their here and martyr.

Mr. Stend, indeed, would have been a much better martyr if he had served out his sentence. He assared his admirers, on several different occasions, that he should not dinch from any punishment that might be awarded him. He said so to the jury. He said so to the public in his paper. He hoped no efforts would be made to set the verdict or sentence aside and much other vainglorious swagger in the same vein might be quoted. But no sooner was he locked up than The Fall Mall Gazette published a pitiful story of the horrers by which he was surrounded and the indignities he was compelled to endure. This was from the pen of one of his great allies, the Rev. B. Wangh, the gentle being who observed in court that he would rather be Mr. Stead than the judge who had sentenced him. Meetings were held-one in Exeter Hall, whence marched an excited mob, male and female, to besiege the Home Office with prayers for the release of their champion; only to have the door shut in their faces by Mr. Vernon Lushington. Private entreaties were addressed to Sir Richard Cross, and political arguments brought to bear on his intelligence. The elections are coming off, Mr. Stead has a party in the provinces, there is a " social purity" organization, there are vigilance committees, there are shricking women, -young and old and of both sexes,-there are platform orators who enliven the dulness of mere politics by disquisitions in the highly flavored style of the Maiden Tribute"; in a word, there are votes to be lost or won by this new Jonkins's Far question ; lost if Mr. Stead is kept in Coldbath Fields, mcking oakum, won if he is removed to Holloway and permitted to indulge his private taste in the matter of dress and food. And so the austere Sir Richard relented, overruled the judge who tried the case, and ordered that Mr. Stead should forthwith become what is called a first-class misdemeanant,

This ill-timed and misplaced lenity has provoked. naturally enough, remonstrance. The remonstrance does not spring from vindicative feeling toward Mr. Stead. Grievous as are his faults, his fanaticism secures for him something of that tenderness due to persons whose sanity is not complete. Many who are not of his sect will tell you that the law was vindicated by his conviction and sentence, and they care not how soon he is let loose. The more judicious, who see in the favor now shown him only another act of weakness in the Home Secretary, put their objections on a principle-not always a very sure basis in a country where the consideration of the abstract is confined to a minority. They say that indulgence to the convict impairs the salutary effect of the conviction. Justead of checking, it among the partisans of Mr. Stead. But these views been disregarded. It matters less, perhaps, because the Chief Director of the Secret Commission has publicly announced that he is going out of business, "The work," te says, "which I have helped to begin must now pass into other hands. It is not likely that anybody else will be found to carry it on as Mr. Stead has carried it on. There are not many men who unite to his eccentric frenzy a gift of gushing rhetoric and the control of a The ecstasy will cool down when the author of it finds a new subject.

Mr. Justice Stephen, perhaps the ablest criminal judge in England and the first authority on criminal law, has described the country as still suffering from the agitation which Mr. Stead set on foot. He is under no delusions as to the consequences of a public dis ussion of the loathsome vices which are the chosen topics of The Pall Mall philanthropist. Nor, I may add,-though it is doubtful whether any woman's name ought to be mentioned in connection with such a subject, -is the Queen. If the Government finally screwed its courage to the point of prosecuting the Chief Director and Chief Offender in this business, it was because the Queen pressed for it. Her name stands for everything that is most pure in social life, and her condemnation of the outrage on purity and decency of which Mr. Stead has been guilty might well put the whole sisterhood of Butlers and Taylors and the rest to shamefaced silence ;-might,

Mr. Buchapan vouchsafes no answer to the letter of the "Paying Pittite" who exposed the absurdity of his cry about organized opposition on the first night of " Alone in London." It must be taken as true, I suppose, that it was not the opposition but the applause that was organized. Nor is there any explanation of Mr. Buchanan's reason for falsitying the notices of his piece which he advertised, except that it was done chiefly for brevity's sake. Altogether, the figure Mr. Buchanan cuts in this business is less creditable to him than his triends might wish. He has suppressed, I believe, the deceitful advertisements, but the public has discovered the trick, and the public is apt to resent being imposed upon. So may the newspapers whom he-well, let us say misquoted. He impatient of criticism to such an extent that he has a permanent fend with the critics, and a permanent belief that their strictures on his plays are the offspring of personal malice. The theory is a convenient one for Mr. Buchanan, but it does not seem

"Mayfair," I hear, is playing much better than on the first night. That is the less surprising because few first nights are free from nervousness on the part of the actors. There is plenty of cause for nervousness in some cases. Imperfect rehearsnls are a cause, but not at the St. James's. There, however, as elsewhere in production of a new play is a tolerably speculative business. It is meant to run for months. If it runs for weeks only there is a loss of many thousands to be faced. At a theatre like the St. James's, which has a public of its own, any piece, I am told, will fill the house for three weeks. The critical period comes after that. The mounting of " Mayfair" is a good example of the conscientions effort after completeness which distinguishes Messrs. Hare & Kendal. Not a detail is overlooked. The reproduction of the Bloomsbury parlor of thirty years ago is probably less attractive to the audience than the glittering boudoir of Mrs. Roydant in Plankett-st. But the fidelity is admirable down to the labels round the necks of the decanters.

"Erminie," is but a flimsy and wearisome piece, wherein the story of Robert Macaire is set to music of a commonplace kind. Mr. Harry Paulton, has replied to Mr. Parnell's manifesto in terms of

the author of this version, was erst a favorite actor at the Albambra. Mr. Jablochowski-if I spell his name aright-is even less known to fame. The piece is prettily dressed, and everything went well enough on the first night. The real attraction of it is to be found in the singing and acting of Miss Florence St. John, perhaps the one young Englishwoman living whose style and voice are well suited to opera bouffe. It is a class of performance in which she has no rival.

Other novelties there are few, or perhaps none. Mr. Irving and Miss Etlen Terry are still playing "Olivia," which some time sincereached and passed its hundredth night at the Lyceum. At the Court Theatre Mr. Pinero's very successful and very absurd three-act farce, "The Magistrate," is at its 230th performance. "Our American Cousin," with young Mr. Sothern and Mr. J. S. Clarke (who is less young), has started on a new lease of life and popularity at the Strand Theatre. "The Candidate" runs "The Magistrate" hard, but it is only Mr. Wyndham's return that has restored this piece to the boards. French plays may be seen nightly his proper title. Mr. Lucy disrespectfully dubs at the Royalty, but the plays may be seen nightly at the Royalty, but the plays are old and the company provincial;—a company perhaps a thirdrate town in France might tolerate, but which Mr. Mayer thinks good enough for the winter season in London. When summer comes and the fashion able world is once more in town, this too astute manager will bring over Mme. Jane Hading and the fashionable world will crowd to see her, at prices three times the prices of Paris. G. W. S.

THE IRISH MANIFESTO.

MR. PARNELL'S LATEST MESSAGE AND MR. GLADSTONE'S ANSWER.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUTE.

LONDON, November 25.

The appearance of the Irish Manifesto gave a fresh interest to a campaign which, spite of the tremendous issues at stake, had begun to bore most people. Mr. T. P. O'Connor's invective against the Liberal party is intended, of course, chiefly for Irish consumption and is adapted to the Irish taste. Its author, however, has lived in England and is at times in the habit of appealing to an English audience. He must have been curious to know what effect his phrases produced on those (of what he calls an alien race) with whom his lot is cast. I am afraid it must be said that the chief feeling in the English masses is one of amusement. The Englishman is, in comparison with the Celt, but a phlegmatic creature at best, and he cannot really comprehend. though he tries, how it is that Mr. O'Conner, and the mild Mr. McCarthy, and their co-signatories contrive to climb these heights of passion. This is but another proof of meradicable incompatibility of temper between the two races. The Englishman thinks the Irishman is talking fustian; the Irishman being all the while perfectly serious.

Mr. O'Conner, indeed, is not without rhetorical skill and would doubtless prefer to pitch his tune m a lower key. There is truth enough, from the Irish point of view, in his indictment against the Liberal party, and his statement would have gained in literary force by moderation. Adjectives are Mr. O'Connor's weak point. Fiagrant, shameless, hateful, desporte, specious, perfidious, incompetent, unprincipled, servile and cowardly,such are some of the terms which the President of the Irish National League of Great Britain applies to the Liberal party. The Liberals shring their shoulders and pass on. They make the mistak which they have made before now, of looking at the form rather than the substance. If Mr. O'Connor's phraseology strikes them as grotesque, they take little heed of the grievance which underlies these uncouch and perhaps barbaric sentences. There is, however, as we shall see presently, one Liberal who does not think he can afford to treat this outburst in a spirit of easy contemptuousness,

It is the Conservatives who find themselves most ambarrassed by the Manifesto. The main object of it is to advise Irishmen to vote for Conservative candidates. It was well understood beforehand that they would do so. The Irish in England, moreover, are well organized. They have a machinery not. I think, less despotie, as Mr. O'Connor would say, or not less efficient, than that of Birmingham. They could have given effect to the understanding between themselves and the Tories, quietly. The Tories have till out they are back at their old triens. They once nor would say, or not less efficient, than that of now been making believe with great attempted to play their trick on a detective at the energy that the Salisbury-Parnell coalition is a Easton Street Railway Station. The detective "played lished at this meonyenient moment in order to damage them before the country. One of their London organs all but binted that it was only another Radical lie. There, however, are the names, Mr. O'Connor and Mr. McCarthy, and Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healey, and Mr. Redmand and Mr. O'Kelly, and, last but not least, Mr. Biggar. None of these representatives of the Irsh cause has disowned the document. The genumeness of it is, in fact, indisputable.

Mr. Parnell, if the proof were wanting, has certified to the authenticity of the manifesto. He said at Liverpool on Saturday that he fully and cordially approved of every word of it; adjectives included, o doubt. Mr. Parnell has usually been thought a little frigid in style for an agitator. The criticism has touched him, and he has resolved to show that he can be as fervid as anybody when he chooses. He expressed, for example, his belief that under the Crimes Act (which the wicked Liberals passed and enforced) "there were more judicial murders, more false imprisonments, more crimes committed against the people than all the crimes together which the people in their extremity commuted during the whole of the Land League movement." The Saxon has brought another charge against Mr. Parnell. He has said that the Irish leader was wanting in human. It is enough to reply that Mr. Parnell now makes it a charge against the Liberal party that "they rose up and attempted to intimidate Lord Carnaryon from earrying out his duty as a Christian and as a ruler of the country." They say he has no imagination, but he tells his fellow-countrymen in Liverpool that "the Irishman in this election who votes for a Liberal or Radical candidate will be voting as much as lies in his power to hand us back into chains, imprisonment and death." It has been hinted he holds himself a little above his colleagues in the social scale, but he observes that Mr. Gladstone if he comes back with a big majority, will try and cheat the Irish out of the right of ruling

The exception to the general anathema proounced by Mr. Parnell upon the Liberal caudilates deserves a moment's notice. This Liberal list headed by Mr. Cowen, who is not a Liberal; who is followed by Mr. Story, of Sunderland, and Mr. Thompson, of Durham, who are Liberal nobodies, The fourth is Mr. Labouchere, who is certainly somebody, but would rather call himself Radical than Laberal. A fifth is added later, Captain O'-hea, the go-between in the Kilmainham comtiations. Their one merit in the eyes of Mr. Parnell is that one and all they voted steadfastly against percion. That is why he exercises in their hebalf the power he assumes to bind and to loose the Irish vote. No service in his mind is equal to that. The so-called Coercion acts were acts by which the Liberal Government strove to maintain the ascendency of law in Ireland. Mr. Parnell wished to maintain his own ascendency. By help of the first Coercion act Mr. Forster defeated him, and put him in prison, and broke up the Land League. By help of the second Lord Spencer brought to justice many criminals concerned in those acts by which the reign of terfor came near replacing the reign of law; and he kept the peace which the new National League would have broken if it could. Mr. Parnell's projes is depended for success first on one and then on the other League, and their agents. From his own point of view he is justified in singling out the opponents of the laws which destroyed or crippled these leagues as his only real friends. Whatever the Liberal party has done for Ireland is as nothing -disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Episcopal Church, Irish Land Acts, and the rest. They do not count. But if a Liberal here and there has voted against the maintenance of law and order in Ireland, he is to have his reward.

Mr. Gladstone, who shows at times a degree of sensitiveness unusual is so practised a politician,

serious expostulation. He has drawn up a list of the services during the last fifty years of the Liberal party to Ireland. Catholic Emancipation is the first. He admits that one cause of Catholic Emancipation was O'Connell's "masterly leadership." But the other and the more important was that strong, constant action and pressure of Liberal opinion in England and Scotiand which had ripened and prepared the public mind, and which alone made Emancipation possible. Next was the gift to Ireland of education, not as free as she wanted—not. I should say, as completely subject to the control of the priests—but relieved from the bigotry of Orange dictation. That was the work of the orry of Orange dictation. That was the work of the Liberal Government of Lord Grey. Then for ten years came a steady endeavor to govern Ireland on the principles of equality instead of principles of gross preference and injustice poisoned with religious hatred. There were six years of Liberal effort to insure municipal freedom for Ireland. There was next the Maynooth grant, which Peel was able to pass soiely by Liberal support. Finally, the Church and Land Acts which I have already mentioned. Mr. Gladstone may well say of the Land Act of 1881 that the civilized world cannot offer its parallel. It deait with the recognized legal rights of property in a way which probably would have been tolerated in no other country—certainly not in the United States. It was, however, a loyal effort to do justice, and to better the condition of the Irish tenant, and it cut down rents 25 per cent all over Ireland. orry of Orange dictation. That was the work of the

effort to do justice, and to better the condition of the Irish tenant, and it cut down rents 25 per cent all over Ireland.

All these measures for the benefit of Ireland, or of certain classes in Ireland, the Tories opposed, and Mr. Gladstone not unnaturally thinks it hard that the Tories should now enjoy Mr. Paruell's patronage and the Liberals come in for nothing but harred. Hard, but not strange. He offers the explanation of the present attitude of the Great Elector of Ireland and of Irishmen in England. He is perfectly aware, says the Liberal leader—for such Mr. Gladstone still is—that, let Mr. Paruell do what he may, let him bring every Irishman to vote against every Liberal, let him pour out floods of vituperation and abuse, as now—these words and these acts will have no effect on Liberal policy. The Liberal party will still labor as before, to do justice to Iretand. "He knows, and shows that he knows, that our conduct is not to be swayed by what he or any other man may say, but only by the eternal principle of justice; and by the determination to weld together, if we can, the several members of this Empire." The other reason is, of course, plain. Mr. Paruell is coming to Parliament with the avowed purpose of extoring the concession of Home Rule from a Legislature which does not believe Home Rule, in his sense, a safe or just or practicable policy. Mr. Parnell's belief is that he can make better terms with the Tories than with the Liberals. He hopes to noid the balance of power. He wants to cut down the Liberal majority, so that it shall not be a clear majority over fories and Parnellites both. He wants to increase the Tory minerity so that with his own help it may become a majority. His price for such a coalition we all know.

That, Mr. Gladstone admits, is not an untair policy for Mr. Parnell to purse. He is fighting for his own land. It has, moreover, filled Lord Salisburg with delight—poured life and fervor and joy into his soul land. He light a purpose of the new appeal which Mr. Gladstone makes to t

into ms soul. But it lends new force to the nappeal which Mr. Gladstone makes to the peodle England and Scotland to send to Partiament a w ole." Mr. Gladstone's answer is : "If the of England will be guided by me they will everything to reason and to justica, to men-Finally, it has to be said that both manifeste and

Finally, it has to be said that both manifestor a rejoinder have probably come too in te to have decisive effect on the elections. Mr. Gladston first appear on leaving Hawarden was what it as, for a Liberal majority strong enough to res Mr. Parneil's dictation. But until this last ion isto appeared, he dropped the subject, or referred it in but a casual way. Other Liberal orator addly task through nacily took at up with energy enough to make leep impression on the country. The result is that a on other questions.

SOME LONDON SHARPERS.

HOW THEY LIE IN WAIT FOR THE UNWARY.

PRACTISED AT THE "ZOO,"
AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE London, Nov. 5 .- I wrote you the other day about the adventure of an American judge in the Strand late one night, when he was nearly garreted by four women, one of whom had first fallen down, appar fondon as well as he knows the alphabet. There is a small gang of confidence men, he told me, who he in wait for victims in Hyde Park, especially watching for all erols.

benind me saying bast he thought the admission was only slypenes. He spoke inadly and at turned. He put down a shilling, came through and said sections on about the charge. I told him that my guide-book said it was sixpene on certain days only. He said he had never been there before and proposed that we go atomic tegether. He asked me if I was an American and said he was glad to meet a fellow-countryman; he was from New Orleans and was in the cotion bashness. He gave me his name and regretted that he had no card; I gave aim my card and address. He inquired when I came over and when I was going back. Of course I told him. Without any apparent reason that I remember he told of his transactions in cotton, and, pulming out his pecket long, amoved a paper which he said was a check for \$2,200. I was anxious to see the animals, but he segment in to harry. Fretty soon he proposed that we should have a glass of beer. We sat down at a little round table where there were three chairs.

'A moment later another tran begged pardon for taking the third chad. I notted that there were varied that there was runn elsewhere. The new comer seemed to bunder the influence of liquor somewhat and began to talk with us. He was a rather til-looking man, with a decided Irish brogue. My new-found friends—he said his name was Patterson—saon let him snow that we were from America, whereupen he said he was surprised and denichted. He was so glad to see any one from America, he calculated the head of the land he owed to America. He said his name was Leach and he told a long story of how an unch of his who had agane to A nerfice a many years before had deed and left him some £77,000. He had made his whole alie at 170,000 to the poor.

'A cancel showed a big percent-book full of what for himself; any one to whom he gave it for this purpose must show that he had some money of his own. Then Leach told I how he had gone to a schoolmaster in Chesse, who had shown him its savings, about £150, and he had gleve him £390 for the poor.

"Leach showed a b walked away out of Patterson's sight. He took my a and expressed immense pleasure at the confider reposed in him. He said he wanted to reward Patters handsomely for his conduct and asked whether I thoug Patterson would prefer a diamond ring or £50. I said would prohably prefer the money. I remember thinki that if he ofered me £50 because of my confidence would probably prefer the money. I remained thins, that if he offered me £50 because of my confidence in him I would nave no hesitation in taking it. We went neek to Patterson, who sat quietly and said he had expected us to come from another direction. Patterson took his check out of Leach's pecket and said that I was willing to show my confidence in Leach in the same way, such thing, but I did not see how I could refuse. I had entire confidence in the men and so I put my £20 in Leac.'s pocket. Patterson took out his watch and I rea her thinking that If they he is suggested that I put my watch in Leach's pocket I should have done so without he situation. I am not sure but I almost hought of offering it to him. But they did not ask for it. They got an and walked away. I sat still fully expecting them to come back. But they did not."

"When the California man came to the police station," the detective went on, "he seemed to be perfectly sober and clear headed. He said he couldn't mastrine how he had beon headed. He said he couldn't mastrine how he had beon seaded so the said he couldn't mastrine how he had beon seaded for the result of the detective when on, I asked him if he had the dear food.

the detective went on, "he seemed to be perfectly sober and clear headed. He said he couldn't meather how he had been such a fool. I asked him if he h du't heard of confidence men and their tricks; he saw a had of en read about them, but in this case he had been shouldly deceived. Of course it is plain enough that the check shown by Patterson was worthless, and so was the pocket-took full of bank-notes which Leach carried so carriessly. Very likely the beer was drugged. The only thing I wondered at was that they didn't get his watch."

THE COMING SINGER.

MADAME FIDES DEVRIES AS AMERICAN WIFE AND FRENCH PRIMA DONNA.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
PARIS, November 18.
Madame Fides Devrics, who will create the character of Chimene in Massenet's "Cid" at the Grand Opera, is an American who came very near being born on the stage. Her mother, that night, was singing the part of Fides in the "Prophet" at the Opera House in New-Orleans; two or three hours after the performance the little girl was born, and the happy mamma celebrated the event by calling her baby girl "Fides." Madame Fides Devries's father and mother were singers of renown; her mother was a Creole and sang for a long time in America. Every member of their large family was gifted by the Muse of Muses, Music. Madame Devries's two brothers Manrice and Hermann, are distinguished singers, and her sister Jeanne has often sung in public; she is the wife of M. Dereims, of the Grand Opera.

The extraordinary strength and register of Madame Devries's magnificent voice enable her to undertake such roles as Fides in the " Prophet," and at the same time compete with any soprano legere in such parts as Gohelie in "Hamlet." "She has the finest voice in the world," Ponce heard Mme. Marchesi say. At the beginning of her career for three years and a half she sang with success in Brussels, and was filling an engagement at the Grand Opera of Paris when she betrothed herself to M. Hermann Adler. It didn't take much urging on her busband's part to gain her consent to quit the stage. Although loving her art, Madame Devries had, and confesses that she still has, an unconquerable dislike to the theatre, the stage and all their paraphernalia. She has an inuate borror of les conlisses which has not lessened nor been controlled by familiarity with them. I have no doubt that many artists have that same dread of them, although often unavowed. That repulsion of le coulisses is much attenuated through the wedding of one's "director" or impressario, and that probably is the reason many artists marry their managers. That was not the case with the Adlers, however. M. Adler frequently remarks that he married the woman and not the public singer, and from the time of her marriage until her reappear ance on the stage for the celebration of the 200 the representation of "Hamlet" she sang but once in public, at La Haye, at the benefit of one of her brothers. No one will blame her husband for wanting to keep her all to himself, for she is a lovely and most womanly woman. She is now harassed to death with rehearsals for the "Cid." Every day, every day, sing, sing, sing! They kill artists with rehearsn's at that house! My wife only hums her part, else she would not have any voice left for the premiere," said the disconsolat husband to me. M. Adler is manly enough to be of the opinion of Americans, that a woman's place is the home, while a man's is at the plough.

I found Monsieurand Madame Adler snugly scated in soft, comforfable arm-chairs before a cheerful wood fire: the pretty wife wearing an exquisite loose gown of old gold and green plush opening on a front of face embroidered in old gold. A graceful have hood lined with pink silk was thrown over her shoulders. Between the answers to the questions I put to them, my attention was arrested by the click of billiard balls in the next room.

"We were in the midst of a game of billiards when you came, and my sister and brother-in-law are practising to beat us at the next game. smilingly said Mmc. Devries. It is easy to see that the young wife is a charming household divinity and does not need the feverishness of glory and A DETECTIVE'S STORY OF A CONFIDENCE GAME appliance to make her thoroughly happy. She does not possess either the nervous resilessness nor the desire of absorbing all attention with which many to see that the husband is the loving and loved master of this house, and that the wife glories in it. In this cosy, warm nest, seeing no little ones running about, I asked if the children were in the

"Unfortunately I have none; that is the skeleton in our closet. Believe me, I should never have consented to sing on the stage again if I had had a child born to me. I adore children, and I have none," sailly said the singer. Almost two years ago, at the earnest solicitation of Ambroise Thomas and M. Vancorbiel she consented to sing Ophelic in "Hamlet," but only for once, and that the occasion of the 200th performance. Since the inauguration of the new O era House no one has had a greater success. After the trio of the oratory and after the figment of the Radical imagination. This manifesto proves an awkward commentary on their proinformant had been after them more than once. One fessions of disputerested virtue. They are reduced | mase which had been intrusted to him was that of a lasm, showered cheer upon cheer on the incomapplause. But to all appearances the dark spot on that brilliant success was that I was to have no duplicates. Madame Fides Devries declared that e would make no engagements, notwithstanding

the flattering offers then and there set before her.

It was not explained to me why that yow was braken. But, fortunately for the French, she co sented to give a few representations of " Faust and "Hamlet" at the Grand Opera; and, fortuna tely for Massenet's new opera, the "Cid," he ha found in her a perfect Chimene, who is one of the most beautiful types of women that poetry has ever created. Moreover, Madame Devrices is to sing in America next year. She is very fond of America; indeed she told me she would willingly consent to live there altogether if it were not for her has band's preference for France. Her love for your country was more than likely the only inducement which prompted her to sign a contract with Maurice Strakosch one year ago. She was to sing there this winter; but when the negotiations were pending between the composer and the directors of the Grand Opera for the creation of the "Cid," Massenet consented to give his work only on the condition that Fides Devries would take the role of Chimens, She was immediately consulted on the matter, and all deploted the contract for America. Could it be broken ! Would Maurice Strakosch consent to defer the engagement! The singer, as far as she was concerned, would willingly wait to create Chimene, and so have that part in addition to her former repertoire. After much parleying M. Strakosch consented on the payment of an indemnity of \$10,000, to change the date of Mme. Devries's tour to America to one year hence. She

will there give fifty performances at \$1,000 a night. Maurice Strakosch is to have half of the sum as security in the Bank of France.

Madame Devries speaks, reads and writes the English language perfectly. She is interested in everything that goes on in America.

"I really look forward," she said, "to the trip to my native land with much pleasure. I want to see

everything that goes on in America.

"I really look forward," she said, "to the true to my native land with much pleasure. I want to see the house in which I was bora in New-Orleans. It is only because of that pleasure that my husband has at all consented to the tour. For himself, I taink he looks at it in the light of a bore. He is like all Parisians only satisfied when he is within the walls of his beloved city"; and she glanced fondly at her husband.

"Yes, I am sorry at times that my wife signed that engagement at all. I don't think I would give my conse t now, if it were to do over again. I am sick of these eternal Chimene rehearsals. She will sing only two years more now, and this time will retire for good. I am a selfish husband. I want my wife all to myself. I did not marry the public singer, I married the woman "So said the husband. "What is your favorite role, Madame? It will doubtless be Chimene?" I asked.

"No, I think not. I don't think I shall like Chimene as much as Ophelie, and I think that Marguerite in 'Faust' is my favorite."

Madame Devries is a beautiful woman. She is tall and stately, and dignified in her demeanor. She is a blond and has an expression nobly honest and pure in her large blue eyes. She is a special favorite with women. I have heard many of them, after having heard her sing, express the desire to know her socially. She "looks good," and is full of womanly sincerity. Physically she is a perfect Marguerite, superior to Madame Carvalno, who created the part, and until Pevries came made it minitable. Her voice is so admirably adapted to the role that it seems written for her. Its exquisite flexibility makes light of the Jewel Song, and its dramatic coloring, accent and force show to perfection in the last act.

"What do you think of the music in the 'Cid'!" I inquired. "What do you think of the music in the 'Cid'?"

I inquired.

"One can hardly tell that in singing an opera by "One can hardly tell that in singing an opera by piecemeal as we so are have done. I can never tell how much I like the ensemble of an opera until I have sung it a number of times or heart it a number of times. We have not even had the general rehearsal yet. It is said that the music of the 'Cid' is unlike the rest of Massenet's music. He is an indefatigable worker. In the rehearsals he seems omnipresent, sings all the roles, and enters into the spirit of all of them. It is a great satisfaction and pleasure to have the composer constantly at one's side to inspire one with his conception of his creations."

night. She then goes to fill other engagements in Lisbon, Madrid, and at the Scala in Milan.

Last week at a concert given by the staff of the Figuro to a few friends in the paper's own little hall, there were given a few selections from the "Cid." Madame Devries was enthusiastically applauded, and all predicted a great success for her. Madame Patti was one of the audience and broke a fan in the hearty applause she gave to her sister singer. Madame Devries by the consent of the ablest critics of France and Italy stands to-day next

singer. Madame Devries by the consent of the ablest critics of France and Italy stands to-day next to Patti in fame on the lyric stage. PRESIDENT GARRETT.

PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT A RAILROAD KING.

HOW HE LOOKS, ACTS AND, ENJOYS HIMSELF. BALTIMORE, Dec. 4 .- The recent great promnence into which young Mr. Robert Garrett, the presideut of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, has been thrown by his vigorous and bitter fight against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company and his strenuous and probably successful endeavor to get into New-York over his own rails have awakened public curiosity about his personal character, his life, he bits and disposition. Like all men who occupy high positions in business life, little is known of him except his name, where he lives, who his father was and what he is reputed to be worth.

Mr. Garrett is worth any where from six to ten millions of dollars, and he is, therefore, among the richest of Baltimore's citizens. The bulk of his fortune is invested in the railroad whose affairs he has managed since the

Mr. Garrett's personal appearance does not afford au insight by any means satisfactory into his real character as it has been outlined through his actions within the past few months. His face is boylsh. His eyes are blue, and have an irrepressible inclination to dance and twinkle, as though brimming over with suppressed amusement. He has his father's broad, well-rounded forehead, his father's broad, full nose, and his father's mouth, with its thick though not sensual lips. He is much given to hearty laughing.

To speak generally, Mr. Garrett is of the semi-pronounced blonde type. He wears sidewhiskers and a mustache. He stands a trifle over the medium height, and weighs fully 180 pounds. He is plump, but not corpulent. His manner is vivacious, his gait springy, giving him in walking a chipper, bouncing movement. He does constierable walking for exercise, and is generally accompanied on his excursions by his close uni friend and confidant Mr. J. K. Cowen, who is the corporation counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio.

Dress is with Mr. Garrett a consideration of the highest mportance. In this direction he steers with skilful distaste is fastidious, and his every garment must be in the atest fashion and cut with the greatest precision to the lines of his figure. His clothing is concocted with supreme regard for the smallest details. His wardrobe is extensive. As a matter of fact, he has nearly a hundred different suits of clothes. They are all new and can be jumped into in a july, no matter how great the exigencies of the occasion. They range from the clawhammer coat to the fastian shooting-jacket, and the pantaloons are a veritable symphony in wearing apparet. Mr Garrett's tailor has his shop in New-York. This personage keeps the rational president constantly in receipt of samples of the latest styles of goods. So soon tailor a few days before a contemplated trip to New York to make him a suit of that sample. When he eaches New-York the suit is made and waiting for him at his hotel. So fastidious and dainty is he is such matters that he frequently strings his telegram out in length to a thousand words in giving his tailor the nec th the broad generalities of the fit of the coat, vest and trousers, but explain in detail the kind of buttons to be used, the number and exact location of the pockets.

Mr. Garrett's collection of bats, canes and umbrellas is practically numberless. Visitors, upon entering his noise, have frequently been appalled by the immense fallen into the natural error of supposing that he is en-tertaining a vast delegation of his friends at dinner Their surrrise is profound when they find that there is always carries a cane when waiking, and hardly ever neglects to adorn the lapel of his coat with a boutonniere. His favorite costume on the street is a dapper, tight fitting, light cheek suit and a derby hat, around which he still wears a broad band of crape in memory o his lather. His cane is his inseparable companion. w-York he is sculour seen walking, but almost invariably takes a cab. He has a penchant for patent-leather

any great extent. The carriage that he likes best is an open Victoria, surmounted by a coachiman and a footman. He never drives a four-in-hand or tandem. His Victoria was purchased in England at a cost of \$2,000. Quite often, when detained at his office, he drives home in a plain York carriage, drawn by a large and spirited ceabblack horse. On these occasions he takes his family coachman. This coachman is reputed to be the best driver in the city. He is a tall, athletic colored man. with a very distinguished appearance. His skin is rather inclined to the indian red color, and in handling the reins he ducks his head to one side and holds his arms Aktobo In the city Mr. Garrett usually keens stable contains not less than a dozen thooded animals.

For several summers he has rented a \$5,000 cottage at Newport, where he has sojourned with his wife. During his stay there he entertains handsomely, spending on at average during the season about \$20,000. Mr. Garrett is very fond of society, and has very courteous and and pretty girls, and may frequently be seen walking with those with whom he is acquainted. He is a regular figure at the charity bails, and is an accomplished dancer.

ancer. He has a magnificent country residence called "Up-He has a manificent country residence called "Uplands," situated on the Frederick road in Baltimore
County. Here he is surrounded by every inxury that
great wealth can furnish, and here it is that he entertains his friends in almost regal style. He gives state
dinners nearly every day in the year, and he always
takes home with him any flends of the Baltimore and
Ohio who may be stopping in the city. He expects to
move into his mansion, now building, on Mount Vernon
place, about the first of January. This residence, which
has a front of sixty feet, occupies the site of two dwellimus a front of sixty feet, occupies the site of two dwellimus pulled down for its accommodation, and will have
few equals in the country as a dwelling place for man.
Its exterior is imposing, and its location is one of the
most delightfully stylish in the city. From the front pertieo one can obtain a fine view of Mount Vernon Square
and of the fall of Mr. William I. Walter's big broaze
has

and of the fail of Mr. Within I., waters sog oronze
Mr. Garreit is popular with every one with whom he is
brought into contact. Some time ago he issted the Baltimore and Ohio shops at Cumberland and snook hands
with every one of the employes. He goes frequently to
the theatres, and is fond of books. He has a spiculid
library. He gives liberally to charitable institutions,
when travelling on railroad business he pays one half
his expenses. He has three private secretaries. He
creat amultion now is to become a controlling factor in When travelling on railroad business as pays one had his expenses. He has three private secretaries. His great ambition now is to become a controlling factor in the stock market, and it is reported that he is a heavy holder in certain lines of gilt-edeed securities. He gets up in the morning at about 8:30, breakfasts, and reaches the railroad office at 10 o'clock. He lunches sometimes in his private office and sometimes at the Maryland Club, or the Bailmore Club, or the Merchants' Club, of all of which he is a member. When he lunches in his office the savory odor of his victuals pervades the entire building and causes the obsequious colored lackeys who act as ushers to stand motionless with their mouths extended in an attitude of supreme expectancy. Whenever Mr. Garret lunches there will be heard the popping of champing corks, for champagne is his particular style of drink. He goes home at 5 p. m. He is a member and regular attendant of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, Park-avo, and Monument-st. He has been martied fourteen years. His wife is the daughter of Mr. George P. Friek. After church he and his wife take a promenade out Charles-st. They have no children.

THE PENNSYLVANIA METEOR. The large meteor which startled quiet Washington County in southwestern Pennsylvania on September 26 was the subject of discussion at the last meeting of the New-York Academy of Sciences, George F Kung mineralogist for Tiftany & Co., read an interesting paper on the subject. He is a collector of stones of various kinds, and, in the hope of getting some parts of the meteor he assisted pecuniarily the researches of Potessor Tingley, of Allegheny College, Meadville. Professor Tingley spent three days in Washington County, seeking information of the mhabitants in regard to the meteor. He attended the county fair at Burgettatown in his quest, and also instituted a search of the tarms for meteoric stones. But his search was practically to no purpose. Nor have the sensational reports of finding the great stone any substantiation. The few clows that he could

any substantiation. The tew clows that he could gather were as follows:

At 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, September 26, many people heard the noise of the passing meteor, like the bursting of a boiler or heavy blasting of rocks. The sky, perpectly clear, lighted up as the stone passed in a southeasterly direction. As it went over the farm of John Consor, of Canonsburg, the force of the meteor was nearly spent. He was in his barn at the time, and since he apparently heard the noise for a longer space of time than did the rest of the people who were near its track, the meteor was presumably going the time, and since he apparently heart the people who longer space of time than did the rest of the people who were near its track, the meteor was presumably going more slowly. A young man named Richardson, who was at work in the fields on the farm, saw the meteor. He first heard a sharp hissing noise, than what seemed like a peal of thunder, as a dark object flew over his head. Richardson said that the motion was then out of rapid descent. In this surmise he must have beet mistaken, as the farm was thoroughly searched and not traces were discovered. It would be an easy matter to mistake the distance of such a flying object, and the meteor probably fell at a long distance from the young man in some of the lonely woods so frequent in the part of Pennsylvania. The quest will not be discontinued, as the moteor must have been of enormous size and, if found, will well repay man of science for a aborious search.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

THE MAN WHO MAY LEAD THE SENATE-SPRINGER AND THE STONE. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4 .- The President greatly weakened his party in the Senate when he made Bayard, Garland and Lamar members of his Cabinet. There is not a single Senator on the Democratic side left now who could cope with one of those men in ability, experience or intellect. Though it seems probable that Harris, of Tennessee, will receive the empty honor of a nomination for Presidency of the Senate at the hands of his colleagues, that fact will not make him in any sense the leader of the minority. Harris is a little, shrivelle t-up old gentleman, whose knowledge of the rules and parl amentary precedents is exceeded only by his fondness for laying down the law. He does this whenever he can. With one hand in his trousers pocket, the other extended in the direction of the Chair, he delivers himself of his views in a piping voice which at once attracts attention. If the decision is against him he sits down with an air as if he would say : "So much the worse for you." He rarely takes part in general debate. There are few subjects apparently which interest him. Etiquette and precedent are his only hobby. A small man in every way, I should say, little fitted to lead a minority, and especially a weak one.

The real leader will be Beck, of Kentucky. He is a man full of resources but not a ready debater; his speeches gala when read in print. In delivery Beck is singularly awkward. His heavy, muscular body sways to and fro, while his arms, from the elbow down, keep up a pump-handle movement which makes the Senator fre-quently appear as if he were engaged in an exercise to aid digestion rather than enforce argument. Beek is a well informed man; his mind is a perfect storehouse of figures and facts. If he cannot always use them to advantage in debate it is because he is slow to perceive a point, and unable to recognize in an instant the salient features of an opponent's argument. He must have time to prepare himself, When he is primed, however, he goes off at a rate which takes his triends' breath away. Nothing will stop him then.

He is quick-tempered, some what narrow-minded, but not unjust. The "sinking fund" used to be his beta noir. The management of the freasury under Republican Administrations remains. I believe, a mystery to him to the present day. On both subjects he has expended an amount of labor truly astonishing, as the pages of "The Congressional Record" can testify. He is a useful and hard-working member of the Appropriations Committee and tike all members belanging to that committee, is intensely jealous of its prerogatives.

Though born in Scotland, Beck has become a thorough Kentuckian. Horses and whiskey-but Fil confine myself to the former-he loves. When there are races at Ivy City, there is nothing that will keen Beck in the Senate Chamber, Off he trots, fitteen minutes before train time, sinking fund or no sinking fund. Not even the discussion of a bottle of the real and genuine mountain dew, which Pendleton used to keep in his committee-room to brace up weak and thirsty Democratic brethren, would induce Beck to

Brown, of Maine, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, has been here for some time ctively canvassing the departments to find places for his friends at home. He was eminently successful in this-so successful, in fact, that he aroused the jealousy of less fortunate Democratic statesmen. He got more tourth-class postmasters appointed than any Congressman. In the Treasury, too, he put in some very good

man. In the Treasury, too, he put in some very good work.

For a time all went well. But a few days ago it was discovered that he had been in the habit of sending to the men for whom he had secured places, or pretended to have done so, letters in which he requested them to pay him for his services. Here is a letter sent to a number of Democratic officials recently appointed:

WASHINGTON, D. C., ——1885.

DEAR SIR: I have secured your appointment as postmaster at your place, Your papers will be sent in a day or two. It you feel like sending a small sum to help defray the expenses of attending to our Maine matters, you may do so.

My mail comes to the above address. Respectfully yours.

The office brokerage business carried on by this

yours,

The office brokerage business carried on by this enterprising specimen of the Maine Democracy is likely to come to an untimely end. Assistant Postmaster-General Stephensen bus got on Mr. Brown's tracks, and a few of his letters have been handed to the heads of departments who will be more careful perhaps, hereafter, when they listen to the blandishments of Mr. Brown, of Maine. Komeis, the new member from the Toledo, Ohio, Dis-

rict, is a man about fifty-five years of age. He looks of unlike ex-Speaker Keiter, though his cast of feateres is much more refined. This is his first term in Congress. He tells me that he will be the first German born citizen elected to Congress from Ohio. Keiler, though of German descent, was born in this country. Mr. Komeis is a autive of Bavaria, and came to this country at the age of eleven. His family settled in Buffalo, and ne went from there to Toledo, and has

these thirty years. His victory over Frank Hurd has already given him something of a National reputation. While nobody will blame Treasurer Jordan for endeavoring to protect the Government from the acts of dishonest employes, it seems strange that he should have hit upon the plan least calculated to accomplish this. For some time he has caused the Sub Treasuries this. For some time he has caused the Sub Freasiless in different parts of the country to send as much of the coin as he thought was proper to the vaults here, which are under his airest care. The shipment of silver deliars from New-Orleans by men-of-war last summer was orly a beginning of this policy it looked very much as if Mr. Jordan thought he was the looked very much as if Mr. Jordan thought he was the only honest man left to take care of the Government's money, so anxious did he seem to stow all the silver and geld he could lay his hands on in Washington. And yet all of the Assistant-Treasurers are under heavy bonds—in fact very much heavier than that filed by Mr. Jordan himself. In Baltimore, the Assistant-Treasurer turnishes a bond of \$150,000: in Philadelphia, \$210,000: in St. Louis, \$200,000: in Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, \$250,000 each; in New-Orleans, \$300,000: in New-York, \$400,000, and in San Francisco, \$500,000. The bond required of Mr Jordan,

Chesinati, Chesgo, \$250,000 and in San Francisco, \$500,000; in New-York, \$400,000, and in San Francisco, \$500,000. The bond required of Mr Jordan, who has the control of, and is responsible for, many times the amount total handled by all the Assistant-Treasurers together, is only \$150,000.

I am told of a ludicrous incident which occurred on the Congressional train returning from Indianapolis the other day. While passing in the neighborhood of Duncauson, Penn., a stone was thrown at it by some unknown hand, shattering the window at which Congressman Springer was sitting. Springer tried hard to look cool: but after making sure that there was no real danger, freely expressed the opinion that that stone was intended for him. He felt sure of it, in fact, he was for backing up the trsin at once and getting the stone, which had fallen on the track. The Illinois statesman could scarcely believe, as was suggested, that the stone might have been intended by the wretch who threw it for the President, and that he Mr. Springer) had been mistaken for Mr. Cleveland. This latter proposition the gallant Springer is said to have er) had been mistaken for Mr. Cleveland. This proposition the gallant Springer is said to have ered a rather left-handed compliment. He did not compose himself until his colleague, Townshend, passed through the ear, looking as it he would have given a thousand dollars to have sat at that window when the stone hit it, instead of his lucky friend.

THE NEW COMMANDER IN INDIA.

None but the oldest comrades and closest personal friends, says Mr. Yates in his World, London, would no presume to address the new Commanier-in-Chief in India by the familiar, affectionate sobriquet of his early "Bobs," in a few short years, has expanded into General Sir Frederick Roberts, Bart, G. C. B., G. C. S. L. General Sir Frederica Roberts, Bart, G. C. B. L. Titular dignities have changed, but not the man. He is still the hard-featured, hard-headed soldier, lithe, active, compact in form, with a clear strong voice, and penetrating eyes, showing but small signs of age bayond he now grazzling hair and beard. Although his advancement through the lowest grades was slow, Roberts has risen so rapidly through the highest that he is now called to the greatest functions while still, com-paratively speaking, a young man. It is not much more than seventeen years since he brought home Napier's
Abyasinian dispatches, and gained then promotion to tag than seventeen years since he brought home Napier's Abyasinian dispatches, and gained then promotion to the rank of brevet lieutenant-colonel. But he was only a regimental major in his own corps, the Royal Artillery, till the outbreak of the first, of the most recent vars in Afghanistan. His name and reputation, however, were by, this time firmly estableted. There were some by, this time firmly estableted. There were some by, this time firmly estableted. There were some by this time firmly estableted in the order of his as the Chairman of the Great Simla Society for Mutual Admiration; but all sensible men knew that he had done excellent work as Quartermaster-General of the Indian Army, and that no one was better entitled to be brought to the front. Roberta's appointment to the command of the Kurram Valley force was fully justified by his performance, and he soon proved that the gallant and intropid soldier who had risked his life freely in a hundred fights could handle a considerable army with skill and Judgment in a difficult country acants a brave and tenacious toe. From that time forth he has helped to make the history of the Indian Empire, and his achievements speak for themselves. No public servant is more richly entitled to the rewards that are so freely offered in his country to the successful soldier. He has been welcomed to the Highland fastness where the Sovredga is pleased to hide her greatness; he is entertained once more by the great and hospitable Corporation of Landon, and is the central flaure at a banquet hoursed by the most distinguished soldiers and public men of the day.

There was an aroma of romance around the East Indian trade such as no other of Boston's great ventures ever possessed. It is only wonderful that it has not been preserved in some novel or some serious history worthy of it. Boston in 1857 had made itself a power in ratirous development. The great work of linking the States with iron interested our capitalists. There was great intellectual activity, not only in the sphere of letters—where apparently some persons think intellectual activity only manifests itself—but in trade and commerce and in all their agencies.—[Boston Transcript.]